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May/June 2016



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Domestic violence occurs in every region, in every part of society. But economically-depressed rural areas often have a greater incidence of abuse and fewer resources to stop it. For example, in Del Norte County — nestled far behind the Redwood Curtain in California's northwestern corner — 911 calls about domestic violence come in at a rate eight times the state average. More of these calls reached local law enforcement in 2015 than ever before. JPR's Emily Cureton began reporting on the issue of domestic violence while working as a reporter at the Del Norte Triplicate in Crescent City. At JPR, she's built on this reporting to tell the story of one family's struggle to escape a toxic legacy of abuse while examining the social implications of a culture where domestic violence becomes routine.

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Earning The Public Trust

As you might imagine, JPR gets a fair amount of listener feedback. A recent email from one listener criticized JPR for an episode of *RadioLab* we aired which this listener contended was the final straw that proved JPR supported the proliferation and use of genetically modified organisms (GMOs). GMOs have been a hot topic in recent years, both regionally and nationally, with bans approved by voters in Jackson and Josephine counties and the narrow defeat of an Oregon statewide GMO food labeling initiative in 2014.

While I suspect most listeners know that JPR doesn't take positions on any political issue in order to maintain our editorial integrity in covering all sides of important civic debates, it's worth saying. JPR doesn't believe it's our job to tell our listeners how to think or vote on any issue. Rather, our mission is to inform the public with fact-based, contextual, in-depth journalism that helps our listeners think for themselves. Unlike many newspapers which take positions on issues and endorse political candidates on their editorial pages, JPR believes that taking sides on issues of public importance would damage the trust we've earned with our listeners to be a fair, independent source of news and information. I hope you hear this philosophy at work each day when you listen to JPR.

I was curious what might have triggered the belief that JPR had taken a stance on the GMO issue. And so I did a search of JPR's GMO coverage on our website at ijpr.org. The search yielded 110 results, which included numerous voices on both sides of the GMO debate. Among the anti-GMO voices we interviewed were Elise Higley, an organic farmer and director of Our Family Farms Coalition in Jackson County; Mary Middleton, organizer of the Josephine County drive against GMOs and leader of Oregonians for Safe Farms and Families; Dr. Raj Patel, a research professor specializing in global food systems at the University of Texas and author of *Stuffed and Starved*; George Kimbrell, senior attorney for the Center for Food Safety in Portland; and Dr. Vandana Shiva, a scientist and environmental activist who opposes genetically engineered crops and corporate-patented seeds. Among the pro-GMO voices we interviewed were Katie Fast, Vice President of Public Policy at the Oregon Farm Bureau; Jim and Marliyn Frink, family farmers in Sams Valley who grow genetically-modified alfalfa, wheat and barley; John Watt, a former Oregon legislator representing Good Neighbor Farmers; and Gail Greenman, National Affairs Director for the Oregon Farm Bureau.

In addition to these perspectives, we also conducted our own original enterprise reporting that included an analysis of where funds were coming from to support both sides of the pro and anti GMO ballot initiatives and talked to experts like Dr. Dan Arp, Oregon State University's Dean of Agricultural Scienc-

es and co-convenor of the Governor's Task Force on Genetically Engineered Agriculture.

In selecting national programs that we air on JPR, we apply the same values we would in creating local programming. Only in the case of national programs, we can't possibly listen to and screen every program episode prior to its broadcast on JPR, nor do I think we should. Instead, we carefully evaluate the credentials and experience of each program producer and listen to the body of work they've created before scheduling a program we'll stand behind.

In the case of *RadioLab*, we love the program's ability to attract a new generation of public radio listeners by inspiring curiosity around science, philosophy and culture. *Radiolab* is co-hosted and produced by Jad Abumrad and Robert Krulwich. Jad Abumrad is the recipient of a 2011 "Genius Award" by the MacArthur Foundation for "engaging audio explorations of scientific and philosophic questions" which "captivate listeners and bring broadcast journalism a distinctive new aesthetic." Abumrad is the Lebanese-American son of a doctor and a scientist and a fresh, diverse voice in public radio. Robert Krulwich earned his Juris Doctor degree from Columbia Law School in 1974. He abandoned his pursuit of a law career to cover the Watergate hearings for Pacific Radio. Since then he's been an NPR Science reporter and produced segments for PBS's *Frontline*, *Nova* and *NOW with Bill Moyers*. Krulwich has won numerous awards, including a Peabody and an American Association for the Advancement of Science Journalism Award. If you haven't heard *RadioLab*, I would encourage you to check out the program—it airs on JPR's *Rhythm and News Service* on Sundays at noon.

Each week, nearly 100,000 people tune to JPR. I have no doubt that given the range of topics we cover and the diverse experiences and perspectives of our audience, at some point every one of our listeners will think: "Hmmm, I'm not sure I agree with that." We trust our audience as tolerant, critical thinkers and educated media consumers. And we do our best to focus on the quality of the information we provide, on as many sides of political and civic issues as we can see. We feel like we've done our best work when we find knowledgeable, articulate spokespeople able to give our listeners clear dimension and perspective about issues central to our democratic society. That said, the feedback we get from listeners is a vital part of public radio's mission and an essential element that keeps us humble, introspective and corrective when we get something wrong.



Paul Westhelle is JPR's Executive Director.

The Aftermath Of Domestic Violence In Rural Northern California

BY EMILY CURETON



Domestic violence occurs in every region, in every part of society.

But economically-depressed rural areas often have a greater incidence of abuse and fewer resources to stop it.

For example, in Del Norte County – nestled far behind the Redwood Curtain in California's northwestern corner – 911 calls about domestic violence come in at a rate eight times the state average.

More of these calls reached local law enforcement in 2015 than ever before.

One of these calls brought two Del Norte County Sheriff's deputies to the outskirts of their jurisdiction late last fall.

A body camera documented the interaction that followed, a single incident in one family's long struggle to escape a toxic legacy of abuse.

It's a sunny October morning in Klamath when one of the deputies flips on his body camera. He's in front of a neat blue two-story house on the Yurok Reservation, where a man is reportedly holding a woman inside against her will.

Thirty-year-old Cliff Moorehead meets the deputies on the street. He says his wife's emotions are out of control and that's why a passerby called 911 to report a disturbance.

The deputy wearing a camera leaves Moorehead with his partner, and walks up to the house.

Twenty-six-year old Tara Williams opens the door.

"Hi Tara... What's going on today?" the deputy begins.

"I don't know," she sobs.

She says she isn't married to Moorehead, but they live together with three kids.

She says she's scared.

"Did he hold you against your will?" he asks, referring to Moorehead.

Tara nods: "I didn't necessarily want to leave. I just wanted to go outside and get away from the situation."

The deputy goes through a checklist of questions, the ones he's required to ask victims of domestic abuse.



PHOTO: WILLIAMS FAMILY

Tara Williams fishing at the mouth of the Klamath River.

He asks if she wants a ride to the emergency shelter, Harrington House.

She says no, not again.

He asks if she's injured.

She says no, and rolls up her sleeves to show that her arms don't have marks on them.

He asks if she wants an emergency protective order, a temporary measure the state court can approve to ban Moorehead from coming near her, or having firearms.

She doesn't know what to do.

"I don't know," becomes a refrain through her sobs.

"I'm having a really hard time thinking right now," she tells the deputy. "I don't want to lose my family. But I don't want to be scared anymore," she says.

Eventually, she declines the protective order. She doesn't mention that she's gotten one of those before. Before turning to leave, the deputy asks her one more time. She shudders.

"I'm just kind of scared of the retaliation," she says quietly.

"He'll be going to jail," the deputy assures her.

"But when he gets out, he'll be really mad," she replies.

"When I'd ask her any questions, she would avoid the subject. If I started to say something, she would say something first to keep me from asking the question I wanted to ask."

—Sandra Schwenk, grandmother of Tara Williams

The deputy shrugs, walks out and arrests Moorehead under suspicion of false imprisonment. He says Moorehead will be in jail for the day, probably the whole weekend, and that they'll go to court on Monday.

In theory, that's the idea. Accused people are supposed to be in front of a judge within days of arrest. This means prosecutors should have an arrest report as soon as possible, to decide whether or not to actually charge a defendant with any crimes before they're released from police custody.

But Moorehead bails out of jail within five hours. The court date is set a month after the crimes allegedly occurred.

By the time that court date rolls around, Tara Williams is dead.

The Aftermath

"There were probably 500 people at her funeral," recalls Sandra Schwenk.

Tara knew her as Koochas, the Yurok word for grandmother.

You can see a bend in the Klamath River from Schwenk's house. A rich, woody smell emanates from walls lined with baskets and carvings.

Schwenk points to an outdoor table where her granddaughter used to fillet fish as a teenager. She remembers how quickly Tara mastered the tricky art of separating flesh from bone.

She describes the first time she saw her granddaughter with black eyes, more than five years ago.

"I said, 'Tara, what happened?'"

She said, 'Oh, I fell Koochas. I fell down the stairs.'

"I said, 'It looks like it.' Then, she knew that I knew."

But Schwenk didn't know how to make it stop.

"When I'd ask her any questions, she would avoid the subject. If I started to say something, she would say something first to keep me from asking the question I wanted to ask."

A History

Between Tara's death and her funeral, the charges against Moorehead are dropped at the request of the District Attorney's Office. The related paperwork notes: "Victim is now deceased."

Cliff Moorehead didn't respond to requests for comment. The information here comes from court and police files.

While apparently ready to proceed with the charges until Tara died, Del Norte District Attorney Dale Trigg defended the decision to drop them in a written statement, calling the case a "no physical contact, no physical injury domestic violence incident involving a man with no history."

Continued on page 23

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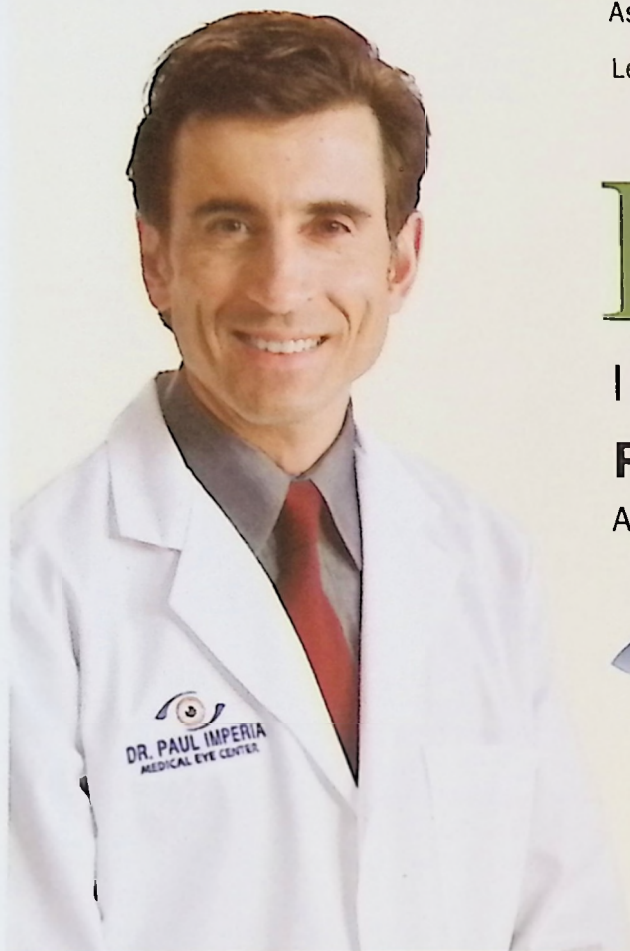
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What Do Long-Dead Whalers Have To Do With Climate Change?

When the steamship *Belvedere* left San Francisco in the spring of 1897, its crew members couldn't have known what a treacherous voyage awaited them.

Their life-and-death experiences would all be captured in the ship's log, which started out with this unassuming entry:

*Steamer Belvedere departed San Francisco March 9, 1897.
At 3 PM took anchor, steamed to sea with a crew of 44
men, all told, bound to the Arctic Ocean.*

The *Belvedere* and a dozen or so other ships reached the frozen waters of the Beaufort Sea in the late spring and proceeded to hunt bowhead whales, as whalers had done for decades before them. The whales were valued for their oil-rich blubber and for their baleen, which was used for buggy whips and women's corsets.

Today, the most valuable harvest from the whaling years might be the ships' logbooks. A team of scientists from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the University of Washington and the U.K. Meteorological Office's Hadley Centre are enlisting 22,000 volunteers from around the world to comb through hundreds of thousands of pages of old ships' logs. They're looking for old weather data like this:

*Made the ice at 3:30 PM. Barometer 29.5. Latitude 60.27
N, Longitude 175.51 E. 106:00 Thermometer 8 above,
barometer 29.5.*

Each data point from the ship's logs—the barometric pressure, temperature, wind direction and location of the ice—is kind of like a piece of a larger climate puzzle. By putting them all together scientists can look back in time to see what the climate in the Arctic was like in the 1800s and how it compares to the Arctic today.

For Kevin Wood, one of the lead scientists on the Old Weather project with NOAA and UW, the maritime terminology and high seas adventure preserved in ship logs are familiar territory. Before going back to school to become a climate scientist, Wood was a merchant mariner, frequently navigating icy, dangerous waters.

"They're the words I used every day when I was an officer. The language hasn't changed that much, really. It's very familiar to me," Wood said from his office at NOAA in Seattle.

Does he get sucked down historical rabbit holes in his quest for data? Of course. And he enjoys every minute of it.

Wood spent a recent weekend combing through the log books from the harrowing voyage of the *Belvedere* in 1897 (prompted, in part, by a request from a pesky reporter). The *Belvedere* and six other whaling ships were trapped in the ice in the Beaufort Sea near Point Barrow, Alaska. It had been a successful summer whaling season, until the weather turned suddenly in late September and a massive sheet of sea ice came down out of the Arctic Ocean and pinned the

ships against the coast. The whalers tried to break through the ice sheet to access open water, according to the ship's log.

They were trapped by 10 ship-lengths of ice. That was all that stood between 200 men and a safe journey home.

The months ticked by: October, November, December, January. Some of the men were lost on the ice. Some got scurvy. They hunted seals and polar bears when they could. It was dark all the time and so, so cold. The ice cracked and roared around them.

One man had such a terrible case of syphilis and no medicine to treat it that he committed suicide by diving through a hole in the ice. But somehow, the whalers kept recording weather conditions in the ship's log.

As horrible as it was for the whalers, for Kevin Wood, that winter of log books is a climate data gold mine. This was long before the days of satellite weather analysis and remote data collection. Today, scientists want to better understand historical climate patterns, and while ice cores reveal some of the broader patterns, ship's logs provide essentially a daily weather update from a particularly remote corner of the planet.

"It's filling in a part of the map that's completely blank. The neat thing is they're winter observations and early season observations," Wood said. "So that's just amazing."

The researchers involved in the Old Weather project have not published any of their findings yet. But as Wood gathers more data and recreates ancient weather patterns with it one thing is becoming alarmingly clear for him.

"What's happening to the whalers is very unlikely to happen now because there's no ice," he said. Amidst the musty log books are tales of dozens of ships crushed or sunk throughout the 1800s. NOAA is still uncovering the remnants of those shipwrecks in the Arctic today. But the days of ship-eating sea ice may be over.

"When you compare ships being crushed in September, you compare that to the satellite data that we have, there's no ice there, and there's hardly ever any ice there, and certainly not enough to crush a ship. That's the difference," Wood said.

Back in 1897, though, the climate was working against the whalers of the *Belvedere* and the other ships that were trapped in the ice that year. Sixteen whalers died.

The federal government sent an overland rescue mission to the *Belvedere*—through the heart of Alaska—in the middle of winter. The sea ice didn't melt away until the next summer—setting the whalers free to make the journey home, after 10 months in the Arctic. But what did they do instead? They stayed up there and kept whaling.

Ashley Ahearn is a KUOW/EarthFix Reporter.

Spotlight Movie: Thriller, Fiction, Or Fantasy?

Spotlight won this year's Academy Award for Best Picture, but the story portrayed is slipping slowly into the fiction category. The sort of investigative journalism dramatized in the film is disappearing.

Michael Keaton plays a newspaper editor in charge of the investigative journalism unit at the *Boston Globe* in 2001. When they uncover a child-abuse scandal inside the Catholic Church, each reporter wrestles with how the revelations will affect their lives and neighborhoods.

Will a devout grandmother be crestfallen? Will the city's country club connections turn against the newspaper? Should neighborhood kids be warned about a nearby safe house for defrocked priests? Are these the reasons that stories like this one are so seldom told? The devil is in the details, and the details of investigative journalism are almost always local.

The Register-Guard did important legwork last year when Eugene was awarded the IAAF's 2021 World Athletics Championships. Bringing an international track meet of this stature to Eugene was a huge accomplishment. Local editors wanted to know how it happened, who talked to whom, what promises were made.

Every reporter digs with a similar set of shovels, but some know the ground better than others. The emails uncovered by *The Register-Guard's* inquiry attracted attention from the BBC, *London Times*, *Wall Street Journal* and eventually a team of French prosecutors.

Investigative journalism doesn't have to turn over every rock to prevent things from being hidden there. The risk of being found out is often reason enough to not misbehave. "Don't say it out loud," the reminder went, "if you don't want to read it on Page One of the newspaper."

That watchdog role is expensive for a hometown newspaper. "Spotlight" depicts four reporters chasing a single story for months. That's a huge investment, but it has always come with the territory. Editors and publishers have told their reporters for generations, "Follow the story wherever it leads."

We've relied on that sort of dogged journalism without knowing it. Our consumer habits subsidized their professional curiosity. Grocers, merchants, and neighbors paid for advertising to sell their wares. Weekly sales were noted, coupons were clipped, used cars were bought and sold. Newspapers then used those earnings to pay reporters to snoop around on our behalf.

We counted on the paper to "show up" at meetings that few citizens had time or interest to attend. If something interest-

ing happened there, the newspaper would report it. As if unchanged from the town criers of colonial times, we'd then read all about it, as if we'd been there. And then we would all talk about it with our friends and neighbors.

We're tinkering with that formula now, and none of us knows how it will turn out. Newspapers rarely can afford a reporter pursuing a story for months. Daily newspapers no

longer control the daily narrative of people's lives. Reading the newspaper is now considered optional, since so many other news sources are freely available.

When people have so many choices for the information they collect, they nat-

urally gravitate toward sources that they trust and voices that make them comfortable. Each of us can now assemble our own echo chamber of familiar and self-affirming stories. Uncomfortable news has never been easier to overlook.

Newspapers' public advocacy has increasingly been reduced to fact-checking, score cards, and other easily repeated bits. Emerging models for investigative journalism often lack the local connection that drives a daily newspaper. They still dig for dirt, but on unfamiliar ground.

Who will model engaged citizenship for the next generation? Who will show up at meetings that probably won't matter – until they do? Who will tell Virginia that yes, there is a Santa Claus? Maybe it will still be the daily newspaper, but differently. We just don't know, because the movie that we're living in hasn't ended yet.

We're hoping our citizenry can stay well-informed without a unifying source of information – the newspaper of record. Maybe democracy can thrive without a well-informed citizenry at all.

There's nothing that says our society can't function differently than it always has. It might even be better. Pass the popcorn, and let's hope so.

Every reporter digs with a similar set of shovels, but some know the ground better than others.



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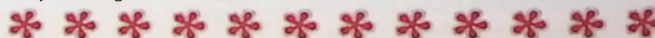
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Opening Comedies Score

Between a pair of imposing pillars hangs an elaborately wrought-iron gate, at its center a bear's head shield. Suddenly the bear lets out a mighty growl, recalling the MGM lion's roar, and the gate, a projection, gives way to one of those scratchy old-time newsreels with the headlines MOVIELAND MELANCHOLY and TRAGEDY AT SEA. Thus with the first of many ingenious inventions, director Christopher Liam Moore grounds a dazzling production of *Twelfth Night* in 1930s Hollywood, clearly presents the two traumatic back-stories that are about to collide, and establishes the fact that this Shakespearean comedy, running all season in the Bowmer Theatre, dwells as much on disaster and dilemma as delight.

Twelfth Night features two women who have each lost a brother. Movie star Olivia (Gina Daniels), dressed in black, cloisters herself in her room and vows to mourn her sibling for seven years. Yacht-wrecked and cast ashore near Illyria Studios, Viola (Sara Bruner) doesn't have that option, nor, we suspect would this bundle of life-energy choose it if she did. Olivia's grief is all about her; Viola's commemorates her brother in the most radical way: instead of joining him in a living death, she becomes him, donning copies of his trousers and bright green blazer. In her sprightly androgyny, Bruner's Viola presents a challenge to the binary strictures of gender and sexuality. She opens a tantalizing liminal space whenever she's onstage.

Around her, the self-absorbed fantasy-land of Hollywood fits Shakespeare's Illyria like a long-lost glass slipper. Studio head Orsino paddles in his pool buoyed by an inner tube, in infantile contrast to Viola's surviving the sea. The temperamental Olivia displays the glamorous sheen and hungry ego of celebrity, and the fool Feste (Rodney Gardiner), a song-and-dance man, plies racial caricature to stay in the game.

Danforth Comins finds unusual humanity in Andrew Aguecheek as the trust-fund son, perhaps, of a defunct director, never without the stem of a cocktail glass between his fingers. Adrift in a perennial childhood, he excels at the back kick, yet in everything else, he's always a couple steps off the mark. Set on marrying Olivia, he paints on an Errol Flynn moustache before doing battle with his rival, Viola-Cesario, a showdown that pits his lily versus hers.

As Malvolio, Olivia's steward, Ted Deasy is a buttoned-down, robotic giant, whose moral surveillance might be scary if he didn't sleep in a hairnet. His gulling is laugh-out-loud brilliant. A send-up of narcissism with a three-way mirror as its main prop, it moves like a long, slow curve as Deasy "revolves" in his one-track mind every nuance of Maria's fake note, which he found stuck to the sole of his shoe like toilet paper.

Viola's twin, Sebastian (also Sara Bruner) shows up alive in the second half, and is more than willing to be led off to the wedding chamber by an amazed Olivia. Meanwhile Viola-Cesario is

finding it more and more difficult to hide her womanhood from Orsino, who's been manifesting signs of attraction himself. It's time to unveil the different twins—to identify boy and girl.

Here Moore plumbs *Twelfth Night* to its core, and invites a single Bruner to emerge as the embodiment of both. Reunion becomes union. Through a technical sleight-of-hand with the frisson of miracle, this production suggests that life and love be celebrated for their daring and creative energy, not stifled by the claustrophobia of gender.

Speaking of daring and energy, Sean Graney's adaptation of *The Yeoman of the Guard* becomes a raucous hootenanny that turns the Thomas Theatre into a safe but squirmy mosh pit. Usually judged the least comic of Gilbert and Sullivan's collaborations, this *Yeoman*, also running through October 30, is packed with hilarious surprises.

The promenade staging, first of all, means around fifty audience members, perched on hay bales or lounging at the bar, share space with the actors. Thus to all the melodramatic plot twists is added the tension of disaster: what if an audience member doesn't respond fast enough to an actor's signal, *coming for you*? Further, transposing the action to the Wild West enhances the play's mock-heroic tension as the characters with cowboy accents mouth high-brow diction and sing sophisticated lyrics set to country music.

Graney's staging brings order to the topsy-turviness by establishing three concentric circles. On the outer perimeter stroll musicians and a squad of convicts tasked with audience control. The scene is a street outside the local jail, where legendary war hero, Fairfax (Jeremy Johnson) is due to be beheaded. Fairfax knows he's been framed by his cousin (K. T. Vogt), and to prevent her inheriting his estate, he makes a deal with Elsie (Kate Hurster), who happens into town to busk for breath-mints, to marry him ASAP. These three hold down the second circle, one which plays to the audience and mugs blatantly.

The innermost circle hosts the improbable love story of Phoebe (Britney Simpson) and Shadbolt, the Assistant Tormentor at the jail, rendered by Michael Sharon with an irresistible blend of unsavory and sweet. These two fully commit to the crazy, convoluted world they inhabit. The sparkling Phoebe is too absorbed with pining for Fairfax and scorning Shadbolt to notice the audience, and Shadbolt has set his dogged sights on Phoebe. Together they build to an appealing, textured betrothal; it may fall short of the romantic fantasy finally awarded Elsie and Fairfax, but it waves the promise of friction turning into fun.



Molly Tinsley taught literature and creative writing at the U. S. Naval Academy for twenty years. Her latest book is the spy thriller *Broken Angels* (www.fuzepublishing.com)

Back In My Day...

I've made it a point to ridicule those who can't seem to get past the nostalgia of the music of their twenties. It's a period when we still had time to absorb new music and when our early adult memories were being made. That being said, my twenties were in the 1990s and my pile of Dave Matthews Band ticket stubs stands as a proud (or perhaps shameful) memorial. I was never really into the music of my teens (Ugh, the '80s. I've learned to forgive the decade, but I will never forget). I turned towards heavy metal and '60s and '70s rock, and later Grateful Dead, so I went into the '90s having early onset back-in-my-day syndrome. It took grunge and later hip hop to get me up to date.

Remember the 1993 MTV Video Music Awards show where Pearl Jam was joined by the man then known as "the Godfather of Grunge," Neil Young, for a surprise version of "Rockin' in the Free World"? Three days later I saw Pearl Jam open for Neil Young in Portland. Booker T and the MGs were Neil's touring band. For the encore Neil and Booker T and the MGs were joined back on stage by Pearl Jam to play "Rockin' in the Free World." Neil was enjoying his honorary title and treated us to a feedback solo that left three other guitar players standing there wondering what to do. This is definitely my "Dude, you shoulda' been there!" moment.

I am still a fan of Pearl Jam and appreciate the career of front man Eddie Vedder. Their first big album *Ten* remains one of my favorite debut albums in rock music. Kurt Cobain and Nirvana can be credited with really putting grunge on the map, and you can't understate the importance of helping Dave Grohl launch his career, but I think Pearl Jam was just a more solid band. Alice in Chains with their odd sounding harmonies always struck a chord (pun intended) with me too.

Finally being able to get into current music, I was exposed to what else was going on at the time. I was a fan of Dave Matthews Band from their first hit "What Would You Say." Just before their second album I caught them on HORDE, a tour that went on for a few years and centered on Blues Traveler. They fit the new straight ahead, more organic approach to music I had discovered with grunge and fed the jam band fan in me with their extended jams and instrumental chops. I went on to see Dave Matthews Band seven or eight times in the '90s (and I'm not afraid to admit it).

Another genre that made its way into the mainstream in the early '90s was hip hop. It was never really my thing, but one album that started making me open my ears to it was *Blood,*

I too fall victim to back-in-my-day syndrome, but I sincerely hope I haven't already heard the best music I will ever hear.

Sugar, Sex, Magic by Red Hot Chili Peppers. It launched the hits "Under the Bridge," "Give it Away" and "Breaking the Girl." The rap-inspired lyrics put me off at first, but eventually I was taken by the rhythm section. Hip hop is still not my go-to genre, but now I don't turn it off because I like the funk elements in the music.

In 1995, while driving home from Bumbershoot, the Seattle Music and Arts festival that takes place every Labor Day weekend, I was first exposed to Joan Osborne. Her hit "One of Us" was just hitting the airwaves and I heard it in every market from Seattle to Medford. I instantly loved it. It was making a statement about spirituality

that seemed more real than much of the angst in grunge. Her album *Relish*, became another of my favorite '90s albums and made me a fan. It also helped me discover the great '90s female singer/songwriters. Sheryl Crow was another artist who, from the first time I heard her initial big hit "All I Want to Do," I knew was going somewhere. *Tuesday Night Music Club* the self-titled *Sheryl Crow* and *Globe Sessions* were all on (the '90s version of) my iPod for years. I was able to see Jewel just before her second album was released. Also, I witnessed Tracy Chapman, Suzanne Vega and of course Sarah McLachlan on the Lilith Fair Tour. How's that for some '90s street-cred? Somewhere I still have a tattered maroon colored "Fumbling Towards Ecstasy" t-shirt.

Jam bands remain a staple of my musical diet evolving from my interest in the Grateful Dead. After Jerry Garcia's passing in 1995 I turned to the next obvious choice, Phish. From there, the jam world sort of opened up. I saw Galactic, the New Orleans based jam/funk band in 1998 and they remain a favorite of mine to this day. Pursuit of that sort of music from the '90s lead me to attend the first Bonnaroo in 2002. The Trey Anastasio Band, Widespread Panic and String Cheese Incident played and I became really hooked on jam music for the next several years.

So yes, like the folks I ridicule, I too fall victim to back-in-my-day syndrome, but I sincerely hope I haven't already heard the best music I will ever hear. You will never hear me say "there hasn't been any good music since the Hootie and Blowfish."



When he's not reveling in his '90s music collection, you can find Dave Jackson hosting *Open Air* weekdays on JPR's *Rhythm & News* service.



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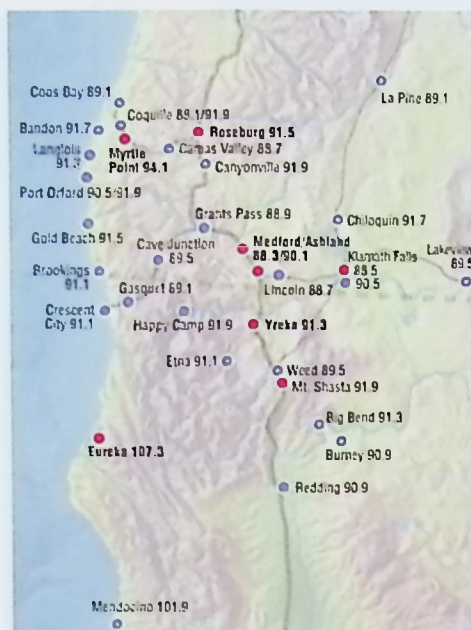
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Saturday

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- 8:00am First Concert
- 10:00am Opera
- 2:00pm Played in Oregon
- 3:00pm The Best of Car Talk

- 4:00pm All Things Considered
- 5:00pm New York Philharmonic
- 7:00pm State Farm Music Hall

Sunday

- 5:00am Weekend Edition
- 9:00am Millennium of Music
- 10:00am Sunday Baroque
- 12:00pm Siskiyou Music Hall
- 2:00pm Performance Today Weekend
- 4:00pm All Things Considered
- 5:00pm Chicago Symphony Orchestra
- 7:00pm Center Stage from Wolf Trap
- 8:00pm State Farm Music Hall

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Metropolitan Opera

May 7 – *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

The Met
ropolitan
Opera

Lyric Opera of Chicago

May 14 – *The Marriage of Figaro*
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Lyric
LYRIC OPERA
OF CHICAGO

May 21 – *Bel Canto* by Jimmy Lopez

May 28 – *Cinderella* by Gioachino Rossini

June 4 – *Wozzeck* by Alban Berg

June 11 – *Merry Widow* by Franz Lehár

June 18 – *Nabucco* by Giuseppe Verdi

June 25 – *Der Rosenkavalier* by Richard Strauss



The Metropolitan Opera presents *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*.

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- 6:00pm World Café
- 8:00pm Undercurrents
- (Modulation Fridays 8–10pm)
- 3:00am World Café

Saturday

- 5:00am Weekend Edition
- 10:00am Wait Wait...Don't Tell Me!
- 11:00am The Best of Car Talk
- 12:00pm Radiolab
- 1:00pm Q the Music
- 2:00pm E-Town
- 3:00pm Mountain Stage
- 5:00pm All Things Considered

- 6:00pm American Rhythm
- 8:00pm Live Wire!
- 9:00pm The Retro Lounge
- 10:00pm Late Night Blues
- 12:00am Undercurrents

Sunday

- 5:00am Weekend Edition
- 9:00am The Splendid Table
- 10:00am This American Life
- 11:00am The Moth Radio Hour
- 12:00pm Jazz Sunday
- 2:00pm American Routes
- 4:00pm TED Radio Hour
- 5:00pm All Things Considered
- 6:00pm The Folk Show
- 9:00pm Folk Alley
- 11:00pm Mountain Stage
- 1:00am Undercurrents

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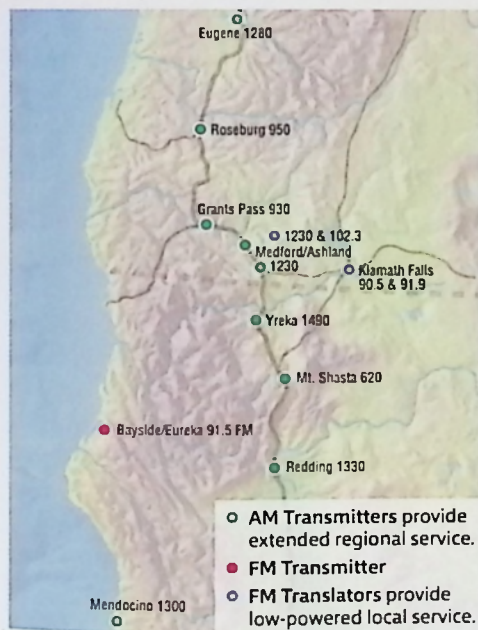
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Monday through Friday

- 5:00am BBC World Service
- 7:00am Diane Rehm Show
- 8:00am The Jefferson Exchange
- 10:00am The Takeaway
- 11:00am Here & Now
- 1:00pm The World
- 2:00pm To the Point
- 3:00pm Fresh Air
- 4:00pm On Point
- 6:00pm Fresh Air (repeat)
- 7:00pm As It Happens
- 8:00pm The Jefferson Exchange
- (repeat of 8am broadcast)
- 10:00pm BBC World Service

Saturday

- 5:00am BBC World Service
- 8:00am World Link

- 9:00am Day 6
- 10:00am Living On Earth
- 11:00am Science Friday
- 1:00pm West Coast Live
- 3:00pm A Prairie Home Companion
- 5:00pm To the Best of Our Knowledge
- 7:00pm BBC World Service

Sunday

- 5:00am BBC World Service
- 8:00am To the Best of Our Knowledge
- 10:00am TED Radio Hour
- 11:00am On The Media
- 12:00pm A Prairie Home Companion
- 2:00pm Backstory
- 3:00pm Le Show
- 4:00pm Travel with Rick Steves
- 5:00pm This American Life
- 6:00pm Fresh Air Weekend
- 7:00pm BBC World Service

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GRANTS PASS

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Ah, Lost In Venice

I'm lost somewhere within the tangle of narrow streets in Venice, Italy. There are signs high up on the walls of the crowded buildings looming claustrophobically above where the only clear direction is straight up into a bright slit of blue sky. But signs are of no use when you don't know precisely where you are nor where, exactly, you are going.

I could consult a map if I had one. I left it at the hotel as a way to challenge my inner-compass, which is failing miserably. Venice is an enigma. Built atop millions of ancient wooden pillars driven into the sea, it somehow shouldn't be here. The so-called "Floating City" should not float at all. It should sink and disappear into the sea. Venice is a metaphor too. You walk its twisting and turning streets, you get lost, you hit dead-ends and have to backtrack and try a different direction.

The draw of Venice, I think, isn't its churches, or palaces, or the quaint charm of glossy black gondolas ferrying star-struck lovers down its winding waterways. Those things are, of course, beautiful and much has been written about it over the centuries. I think our affinity for Venice is visceral. Our existence is a maze through which we must somehow find our own way without a map. Like Venice itself, we too somehow shouldn't be here. We should have disappeared into a sea of stars long ago and yet here we are.

I pull out my iPhone and turn on the GPS feature. It is useless. I'm reduced to a pulsing blue dot amidst an amorphous unlabeled grid that doesn't give me the slightest clue as to where I am. In a moment of Zen, I think, *You can't get to where you want to go if you don't first know where you are.*

In a future that is arriving quickly and quietly, we will always know where we are. Wi-Fi and Bluetooth-enabled sensors will be embedded into the fabric of every building and street. Our smartphones will communicate with these sensors. These sensors will communicate with each other. They will know precisely where they are located on earth and so will you, within a couple of meters. In the future, getting lost will not be an unfortunate occurrence—it will be a choice.

All of this may sound a bit *Star Trek*, but it isn't. That future is already here and I recently got a glimpse of it at a wireless technology conference in Las Vegas where all the conference rooms spanning multiple floors were saturated with Wi-Fi access points hidden in the ceilings and hockey-puck-size Bluetooth sensors mounted on the walls. As you moved through the sprawling space, an app on your phone continually trained-up with these sensors and showed you, the familiar pulsing blue dot, where you were in a map of the venue, providing directions from one location to another. It was like GPS for driving, but on a micro-level.

Simple enough, but where things started going full-on *Star Trek* was in demos of this micro-location technology tied into

intelligent back-end systems that would be "aware" of your presence and location.

For example, you arrive at a hotel. The moment you walk in the door, you receive an automated notice welcoming you to the hotel and prompting you to authenticate using the fingerprint ID on your smartphone in order to check in and get directions and access to your room.

In the future, getting lost will not be an unfortunate occurrence—it will be a choice.

Once you arrive at your room, your door unlocks because it knows you are standing right in front of it. You order food from the hotel restaurant from your smartphone.

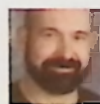
As you're headed down to the restaurant you get a notice that your friends have arrived at the hotel and are in the lounge. You go to join them. Meanwhile, the kitchen knows you are not seated in the restaurant but are in the lounge. The system notifies your waiter who brings your order directly to you.

In hospitals, this type of system can be used to check in patients and direct them to where they need to go. It can lead visitors to patients' rooms. It can automatically alert staff that a patient has been relocated or is currently in the radiology lab. In shopping malls and airports, you'll be able to easily navigate to where you want to go. You'll also be able to share your location with your friends so that they can see where you are and easily come meet up with you.

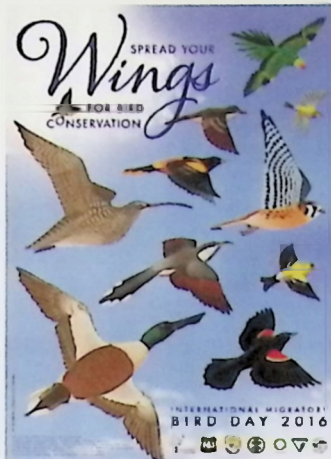
This was all a proof-of-concept, but what happened in Vegas will not stay in Vegas. It's coming to wherever you are soon. First you'll see it in select spots, just like back in the old days when a "Wi-Fi hotspot" was something rare but today is everywhere.

As with all technologies, there's a downside here. Recent research comparing brains of GPS device users versus non-GPS users found that non-GPS users had more grey matter and higher functionality in their hippocampus, a region of the brain responsible for memory and spatial navigation. In other words, using our smartphones to navigate the world will atrophy our brains.

In Venice, I turn off my iPhone and turn on my hippocampus to begin finding my way back home.



Scott Dewing is a technologist, teacher, and writer. He lives with his family on a low-tech farm in the State of Jefferson.



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Franz Schubert

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Peter Heidrich

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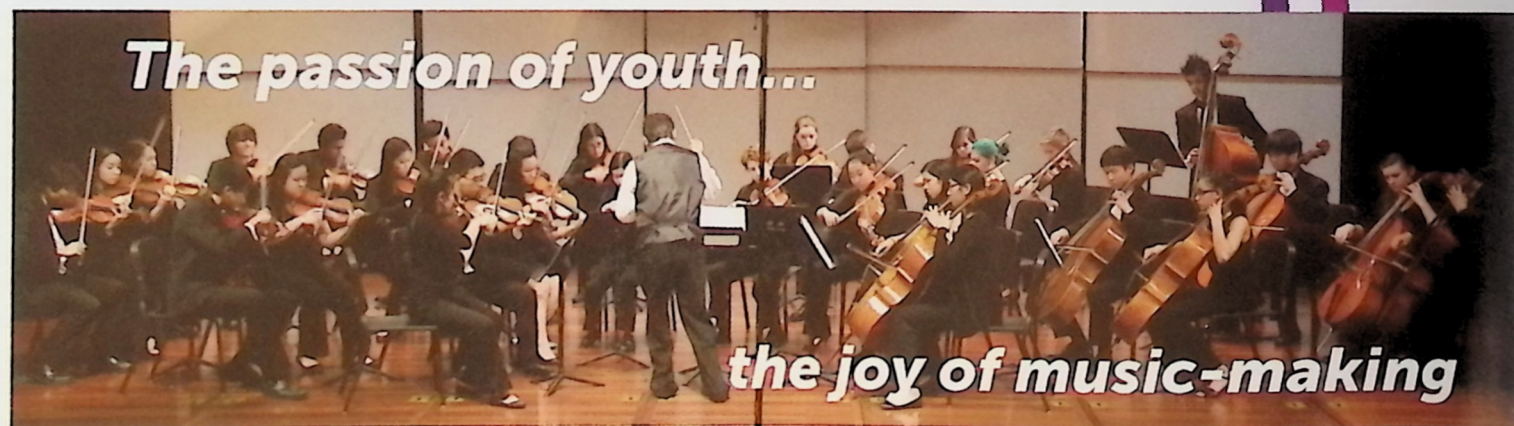


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Lessons From The Field

It's around 10pm when I call Vicky, a crisis worker for victims of domestic violence in Del Norte County, California.

I'm panicking, 150 miles away in Ashland. I'm afraid someone is going to get hurt tonight.

Vicky listens calmly. She agrees to drive by an address near her neighborhood. It's an address that shows up over and over in the Del Norte County 9-1-1 call logs. I came across it researching how law enforcement responds to reports of domestic violence in a county with the highest rate of domestic violence reports in California. I began this inquiry when I was a reporter for the *Del Norte Triplicate* newspaper and completed it as part of my work for Jefferson Public Radio.

The night I call Vicky I had just hung up with a woman who reported her husband to the Sheriff's Office twice in the prior month. He was not arrested either time, even though he had just been convicted for an assault on her that took place six months earlier. A different woman called about him four years before that. I saw the choke marks on her neck in a picture taken by police. He wasn't arrested then, either.

I decide to name him in a story. I want to warn his current wife before it comes out. I message her on Facebook, say I'm a reporter writing a story I think she should know about. I leave my phone number and ask that she call me when she's alone.

She calls within the hour. My heart's pounding as I spit out the facts, without verifying that she is in fact alone. I tell her I'm writing about domestic violence, the police response to the 9-1-1 calls she recently made, and there's going to be a story in the local paper. She isn't named, but her husband is. She echoes my last words and a male voice swells in the background. "What's that f*cking c*nt saying about me?"

The woman on the phone becomes desperately polite. "I'm so sorry ma'am, could you please hold on a minute?" I hear him screaming; her begging him to be quiet. She comes back on the line: "Ma'am, I'm so sorry about that. What were you saying?" I tell her I think it's a bad idea to continue our conversation, but that she can call me any time when he's not there.

After we hang up, I burst into tears. Then I call Vicky. I had already interviewed Vicky about her job working with victims in crisis and her personal experiences surviving domestic violence. Vicky calls back to tell me she didn't see or hear anything unusual at the woman's address. I think about how little noise strangulation makes. Vicky sighs. She asks me: "Why would you write something that could hurt someone?"

The next day, the woman calls back. She says she's okay, and assures me she's alone. She apologizes for her husband's behavior the night before. I apologize for mine. I convey the facts at my disposal and ask if they're accurate. "Yeah," she says.

Before we hang up, I give her Vicky's phone number. It's all I can think to do.

Within a month, there's another 9-1-1 call to her address, another assault on her.

I posted a survey using social media asking people to share how domestic violence had affected them, and if they called the police to report it. I soon got 44 responses. Many were detailed. Fifteen respondents left contact information. I taped interviews with three of those women.

I learned of another victim through her obituary. It said she died in a motor vehicle accident. I interviewed family and friends about her life. They all supported court and police records that documented her partner had a history of abusing her, though he's never been convicted of any related crimes.

Conversations with her father were the most difficult. We first meet at his house, where I get out of the way and let him talk. He shares memories of his daughter, the sweet things she did as a child. He talks about taking her to the emergency shelter to get away from her fiancé. He says he wanted to retaliate on her behalf, but that's not who he is anymore. He says he thought there'd be time to fix his relationship with his daughter, then time ran out. Later on, I learn of allegations that he too abused his family in years past. I draft the story without calling him to readress this information.

Dread settles in. But when I finally reach out to him, it doesn't go the angry way I expect. I lay out the facts I've gathered. I ask him to own the past more honestly, and spare the story about his daughter any more brutal details from police and court records. In my opinion, he responds bravely. He says it goes deeper than her, deeper than him, and deeper than his parents. He speaks of a community where spousal abuse has become commonplace and says he wants to stop that hurting.

I rewrite the story.

After my story first ran, people in the community vented on Facebook. Some posted messages of support, others of disgust. Others were appalled we would exploit a grieving family. One woman said it's important to get these things in the open, but she wouldn't want something like that written about her.

I keep circling back to Vicky's question the night I called her to do a welfare check on someone neither of us had ever met: "Why would you write something that could hurt someone?" I hope every journalist covering domestic violence will keep that question close to their heart as they decide how to protect victims, without perpetuating their silence.



Emily Cureton is the producer of the *Jefferson Exchange* heard on JPR's *News & Information Service* and online at iipr.org, weekdays 8am-10am, rebroadcast 8pm-10pm.



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"I can't wait to do this class again next year. It is very interesting and full of learning!"

—2015 SERIOUSLY SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE STUDENT

Domestic Violence

Continued from page 7

But Moorehead does have a history.

Del Norte County's Department of Child Welfare Services took at least four calls concerning the family since 2010.

Moorehead allegedly assaulted a cohabitating cousin, putting him in the hospital in 2009. The sheriff's deputies were called and Moorehead reportedly fled. He was never arrested or criminally charged for the incident.

The cousin got a temporary restraining order and filed a civil complaint, stating Moorehead "repeatedly beat me around the face and head," while their grandmother and other family members were in the room.

The cousin showed up for the first court hearing, but Moorehead didn't.

The case was soon dismissed by Del Norte Superior Court Judge William Follett. The judge recently glanced over the file and could not immediately recall the reason.

Possibly, he said, there was no proof that Moorehead had been notified of the proceedings, or maybe the victim did not file another restraining order application in time, and both would be grounds for dismissal.

Tara Williams got a restraining order against Moorehead in 2010.

"The last two years have been full of DV (domestic violence)," she swore on court documents filed in May of that year. She included detailed descriptions of alleged incidents, as requested by the form.

Tara told of being choked and beaten in the presence of their eldest child and his grandmother. She claimed she was called filthy names, that he threw rocks at her car until the windows cracked. She said she was frightened for her life. She said "Cliff told me that day and many other times that if I ever run to any family and tell what he does to me that he will beat my face in and he will make sure no one else will ever want me."

The restraining order was granted swiftly, but it dissolved in three weeks, after she didn't come back to court to re-apply, standard practice for continuing court protection.

Despite this history of restraining orders, civil complaints and alleged assaults spanning many years, not one of the incidents resulted in criminal charges.

Until that October arrest for false imprisonment.

So Much To Live For

The day after those charges are filed, Moorehead calls to report Tara missing. The next day, he reports finding her body, near a wrecked pickup off a lonely stretch of Highway 101.

As word spreads, family members gather on the rain-slicked curve of road. The California Highway Patrol begins its investigation.

This investigation recreates a pickup truck skidding and flipping down a hill between the highway and the ocean. Unseatbelted, Tara is launched through a broken window. Her body lands a good distance from where trees stop the truck. Her cell phone is found right beside her hands, indicating she was likely holding it when she died. CHP says her phone records haven't been obtained, and the agency doesn't plan to pursue them.



SOURCE: U. S. CENSUS BUREAU, AMERICAN COMMUNITY SURVEY (ACS) 5-YEAR ESTIMATES.

In the weeks after her death, some of Tara's friends suspect suicide.

Tara's father doesn't believe it.

"She had so much to live for at that moment," Phillip Williams says.

He recognizes that domestic violence affected his daughter long before she met Moorehead.

"When I was born into this world, I was born into domestic violence. My father, he was born into domestic violence," Phillip says. "I used to question, 'God, why? Why at two years old did I see my mom getting her teeth knocked out? What did I do to deserve that? And then how did I see that and still repeat the process?'"

Phillip says he used to hate himself. Then, he says, anger management classes and sobriety helped him break the pattern.

"I always thought my wife would leave me, like it wasn't real. When you feel like that, all you have left is control to keep that person in your life. When you go to your classes, every person there, it's always her fault: 'She did this,' and 'She did that,' and 'She made me do it.' When I matured, I realized that I made the choice to do that. I had to stop making those choices. I wanted to stop the generational trauma, to show them that it doesn't have to be this way."

Still, he says, "trying to escape the label of being an abusive man is difficult and a very long haul."

And when confronted with stress and violence, Phillip says it's difficult not to respond likewise.

"That is the Klamath lifestyle. If you don't protect yourself and what's yours, the police aren't going to protect you. You have no help from them, no help from the judicial system."

Phillip believes his daughter was resolved to keep her family together without being labeled a victim, or having her partner labeled as an abuser.

He says that "she didn't want to fail. She was not going to fail. She had that determination about her," but that "When you're a young family trying to live the American dream, it's a stress on everybody. The American dream is just too hard to obtain."

"A Huge Epidemic"

Native American communities are disproportionately affected by many of the underlying drivers of domestic violence; poverty, social dysfunction and addiction among them. But the problems in Del Norte County are not confined to the reservations there.

Six years ago, Del Norte County's 911 call volume about domestic violence was in line with the state's average, around six out of every 1,000 calls to police. But at a time when the state logs fewer domestic violence calls overall, those calls in Del Norte skyrocketed to 46 for every 1,000 calls in 2014. The county with the next highest rate—Glenn County—got only 18 per 1,000.

Of all the calls alleging domestic violence in Del Norte County, less than 20 percent led to an arrest in 2014. An average of 83 people annually were convicted of domestic violence related crimes from 2009 to 2012, the latest year for which court conviction data is available.

These numbers are shaky, since every local agency potentially involved in a domestic violence intervention uses a different records management system. And law enforcement and experts in the field agree that the 911 calls, arrests and convictions reflect only a fraction of the actual violence and abuse.

"It's a huge epidemic," says Jodi Hoone, a longtime local advocate and coordinator of services for people experiencing domestic violence. She currently heads up programs for the Tolowa Dee-ni' Nation, a tribe whose ancestral homelands include much of Del Norte and Curry Counties.

National research says that for every four women assaulted by an intimate partner, one will report it. With men, reporting is even rarer.

Del Norte County Sheriff Erik Apperson says his deputies know this:

"We typically aren't involved the first time it happens, or the second, so there's this long-standing history and a lot of times the victim struggles to believe that law enforcement is actually going to help them," Apperson says.

So, why so many calls to report in recent years?

No easy answers emerge through many interviews with those who have experienced domestic violence in Del Norte County and those who try to help them.

Many people say they actually wouldn't call the cops, fearing either retaliation, or as the sheriff said, feeling as though law enforcement couldn't help them.

"I never called the police," one survivor says on a confidential survey posted to local social media groups, "I wasn't sure if they would respond. I wasn't confident that I could adequately describe the incident, and I feared the perpetrator coming after me."

"The Enemy They Know"

Shelagh Carrick says people who haven't worked in the field or personally lived with abuse tend to ask victims: "Why did you stay?"

Carrick is the shelter manager at Harrington House, the only emergency shelter for families experiencing domestic violence in the region. It's licensed to offer temporary housing for three weeks, tops.

Number of
9-1-1 calls
about
domestic
violence in
Del Norte
County

2015

1,146

2010 134

SOURCE: U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE, DEL NORTE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Harrington House is a safe place in a crisis, Carrick says, not a longterm solution.

She's seen many things happen to families on the other side of reporting. In many cases, they become destitute and homeless if one member gets arrested, fined, or required to pay more than \$1,000 to participate in a court-ordered intervention program.

"A lot of women give up because they are in trauma and they are being retraumatized on a consistent basis. So, the enemy they know becomes less scary than the enemies they don't," Carrick says, "If we could improve the financial stability of victims, we would greatly improve the outcomes."

There's an office in the Del Norte County Courthouse where domestic violence victims can request financial assistance, as well as help navigating the judicial system.

But Del Norte's Victim/Witness Program isn't allowed to give more than \$100 in cash per individual and largely relies on community donations to help people out with basics like gas and grocery vouchers, said program coordinator Alison Baxter.

Her office saw 392 crime victims last year, 40 percent of whom identified as domestic violence victims when they sought services there. The total budget for the program was \$126,000, a figure that includes salaries for two full time employees.

That's Baxter and a colleague. They mostly help victims fill out myriad forms: applications to get a restraining order, applications to keep one in place, applications to the California Victim Compensation Government Control Board in Sacramento.

This agency can give certain victims much greater sums or vouchers to help them start a new life. The money comes from restitution fines paid by convicted offenders.

These payments to crime victims from Del Norte County have declined dramatically in the last five years. Funding for domestic violence victims declined by about 90 percent.

Getting Out

Not having enough money to leave has kept Melody in harm's way for most of her life.

Melody isn't her real name. She says using her own name sparks fear and shame, but she still has something to say about living through abuse in rural California.

She's a 21-year-old woman who spent her teens in Crescent City. She describes an abusive childhood, then life in the homeless camps around town. She says a relationship with an older man soon led to stalking and sexual assaults.

"I tried reporting it, but the cops weren't very nice to me because I wouldn't give them too many details. They got upset with me," Melody recalls. "People often blame the victim, because they don't realize how hard it is to talk about stuff like that. And they say if you're not going to report it, then it's basically your fault. But I was afraid it would get worse."

Eventually, Melody got help, though not through the justice system. She found her way out of town and now she has a job and a roof over her head.

From a police officer's perspective, describing an assault and allowing photographs of the injuries is critical for prosecuting offenders, said Sheriff Apperson.

"A lot of times (victims) don't want to go through the clinical part of, 'OK, let me see the bruise and let's move this article of clothing so I can hold a ruler up to it and take a picture and oh, by the way, I know you just trusted me enough to tell your whole story, but now let's do it again and let's make sure my recorder is working because we are going to play this for a whole jury and for a courtroom full of people.'"

Meanwhile, turnover is high at the sheriff's department, where the total number of deputies has declined by a third in the last few years, from around 30 to 20. There simply aren't enough resources to go around the 1,000 square-mile county, Apperson says.

Del Norte District Attorney Dale Trigg says this has a ripple effect throughout the justice system.

He pointed to delayed arrest reports, which he says often reach prosecutors many weeks after an offender has been released from jail, as happened in Cliff Moorehead's case. Overall, that means fewer arrests lead to formal charges.

"And it's not always a law enforcement issue," Trigg maintains.

"The facts are what they are. If you go out to scene and you contact a woman who has injuries and she won't tell you how she got those injuries, you can't just figure, 'Well, I know how you got them and I'm going to arrest so-and-so for doing it.' The officers can't do anything about that."

Trigg says all the officers can do is to try to get the truth out of people.

But Sheriff Erik Apperson explains how laws have changed to shift responsibility away from victim statements at the scene of a domestic violence incident.

"Now in California, if you can establish what's legally defined as a primary aggressor, then you are required to make an arrest," Apperson says

Finding Solutions

For many families, an arrest only intensifies stress in the household, leading to more abuse and desperation. This bleak cycle is amplified in Native American communities, where people are disproportionately affected by high rates of domestic violence.

While Native people make up about 10 percent of Del Norte's general population, they are consistently at least 25 percent of the victim caseload for the county's major service providers and the state court system.

Native children are a lot more likely to be included in referrals to the county's department for Child Welfare Services, according to agency data analyzed from 2009-2012. During that time, about two-thirds of Del Norte's CWS referrals involved reports of domestic violence, while 33 percent of CWS referrals involved Native children. White kids made up just 25 percent of referrals, despite white people accounting for 80 percent of the general population.

The Yurok tribe is the largest Native tribe in California, headquartered in Klamath in southern Del Norte County.

In recent years, the tribe has been awarded more than \$7.7 million in U.S. Department of Justice grants to provide services for crime victims and alternatives to incarceration.

One alternative model coming from this funding is the tribe's Batterer's Intervention Program.

The idea is for perpetrators of domestic abuse to listen to each other during weekly meetings and learn what triggers violent or controlling behavior.

Lori Nesbitt facilitates a group for women with ties to the Yurok tribe, people who've often been both victims and perpetrators of domestic violence. She talks about the program after her group was supposed

to meet.

"Today didn't go as planned," she sighs. "The women didn't show up."

And when even one person stops showing up to a program like this, it's contagious. Nesbitt says this is because the whole model is peer-driven.

Fellow Yurok Tribal Probation Officer Ron Bates runs the men's group for the intervention program, comprised of 52 weekly sessions.

Ron says participants can't just sit in the chair and wait it out. They have to complete homework assignments and actively take part in group sessions to get a pass.

He estimates that alcohol and drug use figure into nearly every family involved in the men's group. He says it's key for the program to be facilitated by a tribal member, even though the model is common around the state.

"Who is going to hold the community responsible? It should be the community and I am a part of that," he says.

Most people in the groups were ordered to attend by a judge, in the hopes that they'll buy into treatment, rather than merely accepting punishment.

But that's a big shift in perspective, says Yurok Chief Justice Abby Abinanti.

Abinanti is currently the only judge in the Yurok Tribal Justice Center. Her court's jurisdiction has grown in recent

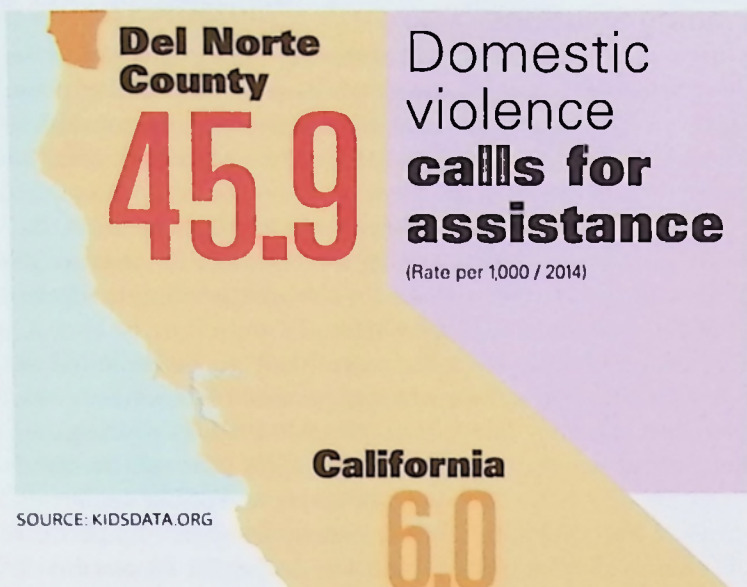
**Del Norte
Emergency
Shelters**

1

Number of **physical and
sexual assaults
reported** to that
shelter in 2012

376

SOURCE: SCHARFF, JOHN. THE
RANGE AND RESPONSE OF
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE IN DEL NORTE
COUNTY, CA. HUMBOLDT STATE UNIVERSITY



years, from being limited to mostly fishing-related disputes to handling all kinds of misdemeanor crimes involving tribal members and their spouses, upwards of 6,000 people.

"I stopped asking defendants, 'Why did you do that?'" she says. "Many people don't understand why they get into a behavior that they themselves do not like."

Abinanti says one way to understand the high rate of domestic violence among her people is to look at history.

"You have intergenerational trauma: where you have a history that is not pleasant between us and other cultures, where you have massacres, where you had people carried off to boarding schools and where you have a tremendous amount of poverty. All those things are breeding grounds for behaviors that are not acceptable in community."

Community is a word you hear a lot at the Yurok Justice Center. Abinanti says the whole approach of the court is based on restoring relationships, "And that's hugely different than creating consequences for behavior in the hopes that somehow that deters the behavior."

She says punishment and isolation don't work.

"You create access to programming that does not make them have to be found guilty first," Abinanti says. "It makes them have to say, 'Hey, I don't want to do this. I want my children to see me differently. I want my grandchildren to see me differently.'"

The intervention program is one way the Yurok Tribe is trying to cultivate that mindset throughout a community grown accustomed to domestic violence. But if people don't buy into the program, it doesn't work. And those working with families in the throes of domestic violence say there's already too much to worry about it.

Hard People To Help

"People just can't survive," says Vicky Bates. "And to get their medical needs taken care of and to eat: they're stuck. If

they don't have a ride or a friend with a ride, then they're stuck."

Bates gives a lot of rides. She's a domestic violence crisis worker on the Yurok reservation.

"They're a hard people to help" she says, "Because they don't have vehicles, they don't have phone services. How can you help them? So, we get them a bag of emergency supplies together, and hopefully they have that if they have to run down the road."

Bates says she spends a lot of time in the car taking clients to medical or court appointments, or to the nearest grocery store, a 45-mile round trip from the reservation. Then, at the end of each day, she's got more people to take care of.

"When I leave at five o'clock, or six o'clock, or whatever hour I leave, sometimes it's later than that, sometimes it's been up to nine or ten o'clock. I have to make sure I shrug my shoulders off and go home to my family."

Bates is a mother, grandmother and a single parent.

At her house on the reservation, kids bounce around as she talks about the ways domestic violence has affected her.

She wants the kids to hear her talk about her life, which hasn't been easy. She was married to an abusive spouse by 16. Now, she's in her 50s. She says she wants to nurture an openness that her parents never had.

"I don't know, it was just too busy, too many kids," she recalls, breaking down.

"There was always something going on: family trauma, deaths, kids falling apart, and we were just kind of breezing through all of that and not dealing with 'Hey, let's plan for tomorrow.' It was more like, 'Uh, let's try and save today, let's try and help whoever's broken today and move on.'"

Bates blinks back tears. Her ten-year-old granddaughter Keepuen strides into the room.

"I'm Keepuen and it means 'winter' in Yurok," she announces.

She says she wants to be a singer when she's older.

"I've been working on my voice," she adds, smiling at my microphone.

She goes for it, launching into the hit song, "Read All About It."

"You've got the words to change a nation," Keepuen sings.

"But you're biting your tongue."

You've spent a life time stuck in silence, afraid you'll say something wrong.

If no one ever hears it, how we gonna learn your song?

So come on, come on, come on, come on..."

Her voice carries through the house, another home where domestic violence has left scars, but not silence.

Emily Cureton is producer of *The Jefferson Exchange*.

Del Norte Triplicate reporter David Grieder contributed to this reporting. Emily Cureton's reporting was supported by a California Health Journalism Fellowship through the USC Annenberg School for Communication and Journalism.

Classic Pizza Margherita

Thin, crisp crusts like this one are the hallmarks of much of Italy's pizza. Another vital element is not overloading the pie with toppings; less is definitely more on pizza. This dough goes together quickly and can be used after a single rising. If time is very short, blend, knead, rest for 30 minutes, and roll out. No baking stone is needed, since you slip the crust out of the pan and crisp it directly on the bottom rack of the oven during the last two minutes of baking. Use stone-ground, organic, flour if possible.

Surprisingly, we've found because of the extra-thin crust and spare toppings, these pizzas actually reheat remarkably well, so cooking ahead by several hours is an option.

Ingredients

Dough:

generous ¼ teaspoon dry yeast
½ cup warm (about 100 degrees) water
1 teaspoon all-purpose unbleached flour
1 to 1 ¼ cups organic, stone ground
all-purpose unbleached flour
½ teaspoon salt
additional flour

Margherita Topping:

1 tablespoon extra-virgin olive oil
½ medium onion, minced
1 sprig parsley, chopped
1 large clove garlic, minced
¼ teaspoon dry oregano
1 ½ cups canned whole peeled tomatoes
⅓ cup packed fresh basil leaves, torn
3 ounces fresh mozzarella (in liquid), thinly sliced
2 to 3 tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
Freshly ground black pepper and salt

Instructions

Neapolitan Style Pizza Crust

In a medium mixing bowl or food processor, blend yeast, water, and teaspoon of flour. Foam should form on the surface in about 8 minutes (if not, yeast is past its prime; find fresher). Then blend in rest of flour and salt, forming a smooth, quite soft, slightly sticky dough. Blend in food processor no more than 30 seconds (then knead 5 minutes by hand); in mixer



blend for about 5 minutes; by hand stir to blend and knead 5 minutes. Place in a large oiled bowl, cover bowl with plastic wrap. Let stand in a cool place until doubled in bulk (about 1 ½ hours). If not ready to bake, keep dough covered and hold up to 8 hours. About 20 minutes before baking, punch down, knead a minute or two and then form into a ball, cover.

Margherita Topping

1. In a 10-inch skillet heat 1 tablespoon oil over medium high. Sauté onion and parsley to golden, then stir in garlic and oregano for a few seconds. Add tomatoes, crushing them as they go into the pan (do not substitute crushed tomatoes). Boil, stirring, 5 minutes or until thick.

2. Spread sauce over rolled out crust, sprinkle with basil, mozzarella, and finally the oil. Finish with generous black pepper and a little salt. Bake as directed above.

VARIATION: In Naples, fresh or canned tomatoes often replace tomato sauce on pizza. Make sure tomatoes have big, rich flavor and use them judiciously.

MORE VARIATIONS: Sparingly is the operative word here. Use any of the following flavorings, but only enough to flavor, not overwhelm: Sliced red onion, pitted olives, pepperoni, anchovy, sliced mushrooms, steamed broccoli or cauliflower, salami, prosciutto, roasted peppers, shrimp, cooked Italian sausage, hot pepper, fresh herbs such as marjoram, oregano, mint, garlic, rosemary, or sage. Step from Italian to American pizza and let your imagination fly – Tandoori marinated chicken breasts, oven roasted vegetables, salsa, the BLT, and more.

Assembling the Pizza

To make pizza, lightly oil a 14- to 16-inch pizza pan. Preheat oven to 500 degrees, setting rack as low as possible in oven. Roll out dough as thin as possible to about a 16-inch round (no more than ⅛-inch thick). Spread over pan, rolling in edges to form a rim. Let rest 10 minutes. Top as desired or suggested below and bake 10 minutes. Then using a spatula and thick oven mitt, slip the pizza off the pan directly onto the oven rack by pulling out rack, grasping pizza pan firmly with protected hand, and using spatula or pancake turner to slip pie off pan and onto rack. Slide rack back in place and bake 2 minutes. Slip pie back onto pan, remove from oven. Cut and serve.

Recipe by Lynne Rossetto Kasper



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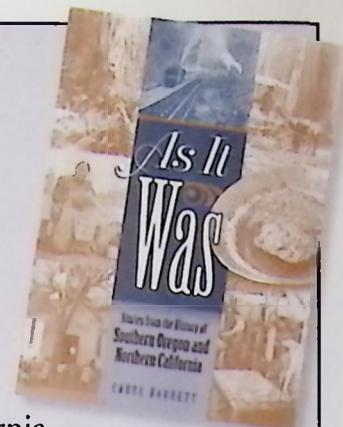


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As It Was is a co-production of Jefferson Public Radio and the Southern Oregon Historical Society. The series' script editor and coordinator is Kernan Turner, whose maternal grandmother arrived in Ashland in 1861 via the Applegate Trail.

As It Was airs Monday through Friday on JPR's Classics & News service at 9:30am and 1:00pm; on the News & Information service at 9:57am and 9:57pm following the *Jefferson Exchange*.

Josephine County Creates Farm For The Poor

By Lynda Demsher

Southern Oregon has wrestled with caring for the homeless for a long time.

In 1906, Josephine County Commissioners blamed an increase in the number of homeless on miners who came to the region expecting to strike it rich, but only got too sick or too old to work. Some, they said, had made good money, but spent it all on worthless mines, drinking and gambling.

The county's system of paying private homes for room, board and medical costs for the indigent cost \$7,000 the previous year. Doctors received mileage reimbursement for visiting the poor housed in remote areas. In addition, there were too many bills from these homes that included tobacco and chewing gum.

The commissioners decided to buy a county poor farm where costs could be controlled. They estimated the county could cut its expenses in half by putting all the poor in one place and making them grow their own food. The county purchased 10 acres outside Grants Pass for the farm, stocked it with animals and planted fruit trees.

A Grand Jury inspection three years later in 1909 reported that some poor-house rooms needed attention, but management was worthy of praise.

SOURCE: Sources: "Josephine County to Own Poor Farm." *Rogue River Courier* 27 July 1906: 1. *Historic Oregon Newspapers*. Web. 19 Jan. 2016. <http://oregonnews.uoregon.edu/>; "Grand Jury Makes Report." *Rogue River Courier* 30 Apr. 1909: 1. *Historic Oregon Newspapers*. Web. 19 Jan. 2016

Debate Continues Over Merits Of Saving Old Houses

By Alice Mullaly

The debate continues over the merits of saving or demolishing old buildings. People are overheard insisting, "That old house needs to come down to make room for a parking lot," or, the opposite, "That 100-year-old home built by our town's pioneer doctor needs to be saved."

In 1970, Dr. Henry Inlow's 100-year-old, well maintained home in Ashland, Ore., became an example.

Inlow built the house on Main Street when he moved his family from Benton County to Ashland in 1868. Later, when Main Street became valuable business property, the Inlows moved their house to the back of their lot on Hargadine Street.

Dr. Inlow had owned a drug store that was lost in the 1879 plaza fire, but he continued his practice until he died in 1903. He was very active in Ashland and was a founding member of the International Order of Odd Fellows.

None of his descendents lived in the old family home when it was torn down in 1970 to become a parking lot for the Oregon Shakespearean Festival and downtown businesses.

Few who park on the Hargadine Street lot today are aware the Inlow family once lived there.

SOURCES: Gillespie, Bernice. *Ashland Daily Tidings* 12 Feb. 1970. Print.

I Dream Lorenzo's Rest

The river whips up to meet him
and he falls through outer space,
fish spraying away from the car
like dull stars. Forces equalize.
Water rises until the room's
unlivable. Lorenzo doesn't struggle
in the dream. He smiles and takes
deep breaths of water,
long drinks.

He told me once
that life was a vacation
from working the mines of heaven,
or holding up the sky, or pushing
some damn boulder up forever.
That when we turned ourselves in
to the afterlife's authorities,
we'd all be sorry we wasted life
with work and empty wishes,
and didn't have more fun.

His ghost
breaches like a whale
and blows a spout of light
through a hole the moon makes
on the river's surface.

What to say
at such a burial? That he knew some joy
and with superhuman charm
could lift an hour or two out of gloom's
dark well. That he never yearned
much except for what he got
and when he drove off this bridge,
he didn't bring anyone else along.

Mark Neely is the author of *Beasts of the Hill* and *Dirty Bomb*, both from Oberlin College Press. His awards include an NEA Poetry Fellowship, an Indiana Individual Artist grant, the FIELD Poetry Prize, and the Concrete Wolf Press chapbook award for *Four of a Kind*. His poems have appeared in *Gulf Coast*, *Indiana Review*, *Boulevard*, *Salt Hill*, *Willow Springs*, and elsewhere. "I Dream Lorenzo's Rest" was first published in the journal *sawbuck*; "Painting" appears in *Dirty Bomb* (Oberlin College Press). On Tuesday, June 21, at 7:00 p.m., Mark Neely will read at Bloomsbury Books.

Painting

I followed the pillar of smoke
and felt the neighborhood go
from white to black as the faces
of front porches sank
below the hillside
cemetery where they say the dead
are buried standing up. Cop cars
sent garish Morse code into the dark
and a firefighter unspooled

a hose from a yellow tanker
and dragged it toward the house.
The day before

a new show opened at the gallery
downtown, a series of vivid orange
abstracts the owner feared

would never sell. I put up a hand
against the heat. Only a heartless fool
would think of those strange paintings while...

I used to see the old woman
tending vegetables in her scraggly yard.
The firefighters retreated into the road like divers
battling a giant eel. An ambulance idled,
going nowhere. The underground
regiments stamped their boots.

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Bear Cubs	June 20-24	For 2 nd -3 rd graders
The Hunt	June 20-24	For 4 th -5 th graders



Camps at Coyote Trails Nature Center, Medford

Register at www.coyotetrails.org

Chompers and Stompers	June 27-July 1	For ages 7-10
How to Survive the Zombie Invasion	June 27-July 1	For ages 11-16
Little Foxes	July 25-29	For ages 4-6
Bear Cubs	July 25-29	For ages 6-9
The Wild Artisan	July 25-29	For ages 9-13



Coyote Trails Wilderness Campus, Ashland

Register at www.coyotetrails.org

Wild Navigator	July 11-15	For ages 6-9
Way of the Wolverine	July 11-15	For ages 10-14



Family Fox Trail Adventure, Overnight Camp July 17-23

A week-long camp for the whole family held at the Coyote Trails Wilderness Campus near Ashland.

Participants will learn the following skills: debris hut shelter, fire-making without matches, tracking principles, techniques for finding and gathering safe drinking water, the art of moving silently and unseen in the forest, nature awareness and observation, the philosophy of living with the earth, caretaker principles, and more. This course is open to all ages 7 and up (teens, adults, and families, including grandparents). First-time students 10 and under should be accompanied by an adult.



For more information on these and other classes, call 541-772-1390.

Coyote Trails School of Nature is a nonprofit organization dedicated to providing hands-on nature connection for people of all ages. All programs are open to students with special needs; contact us directly so that we may best accommodate each individual.



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